

We are a few of those collected here
 That ruder Tongues distinguish villager;
 And to say veritie, and not to fable;
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable
 Or company, or by a figure, *Choris*
 That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.
 And I that am the rectifier of all
 By title Pedagogus, that let fall
 The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
 And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,
 Doe here present this Machine, or this frame,
 And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame
 From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar
 Is blowne abroad; helpe me thy poore well willer,
 And with thy twinckling eyes, looke right and straight
 Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight
 Is—now comes in, which being glewd together
 Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hether.
 The body of our sport of no small study
 I first appeare, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
 To speake before thy noble grace, this tenner:
 At whose great feete I offer up my penner.
 The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,
 The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night
 That seeke out silent hanging: Then mine Host
 And his fat Spowse, that welcomes to their coft
 The gauled Traveller, and with a beckning
 Informs the Tapster to inflame the reckning:
 Then the beast eating Clowne, and next the foole,
 The *Bavian* with long tayle, and eke long toole,
Cum multis alijs that make a dance,
 Say I, and all shall presently advance.

Thes. I, I by any meanes, deere Domine.

Per. Produce.

Musicke Dance.

Knocke for
 Schoole. Enter
 The Dance.

Intrate filij, Come forth, and foot it,
Ladies, if we have beene merry
And have pleas'd thee with a derry,
And a derry, and a downe

Say the Schoolemaster's no Clowne
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too
And have done as good Boyes shou
Give us but a tree or twaine
For a Maypole, and againe
Ere another yeare run out,
Wee'l make thee laugh and all this

Thes. Take 20. Demine; how

Hip. Never so pleas'd Sir.

Emil. Twas an excellent dance
 I never heard a better.

Thes. Schoolemaster, I thanke

Per. And heer's something to

Thes. Now to our sports agai

Sch. May the Strag thou huntst

And thy dogs be swift and strong

May they kill him without lets,

And the Ladies eate his dowlts.

Dij Deaq; omnes, ye have danc'd

Scena 7. Enter Palamon

Pal. About this houre my Co

To visit me againe, and with him

Two Swords, and two good Arm

He's neither man, nor Souldier; v

I did not thinke a weeke could h

My lost strength to me, I was gro

And Crest-falne with my wants

Thou art yet a faire Foe; and I f

With this refreshing, able once a

To out dure danger: To delay it

Would make the world think w

That I lay farting like a Swine, to

And not a Souldier: Therefore t

Shall be the last; and that Swor

If it but hold, I kill him with; tis

So love, and Fortune for me: O

Enter Arcite

Say